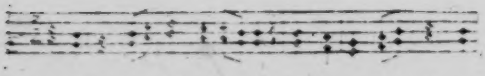
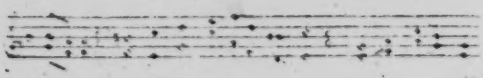
533
539

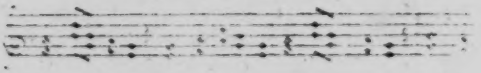
ÖSTERREICHISCHE BUNDESHYMNE



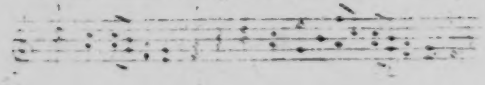
...and der Berge · Land am Strome · Land der Äcker ·
Land der Dome · Land der Hämmer · zukunftsreich! Heimat bist du
großer Söhne · Volk begnadet für das Schöne · vielgerühmtes
Österreich · Vielgerühmtes Österreich ·



...eiß umfehdet · wild umstritten · liegst dem Erdteil du
inmitten einem starken Herzen gleich · Hast seit frühen Ahnentagen
hoher Sendung Last getragen vielgeprüftes Österreich ·
Vielgeprüftes Österreich ·

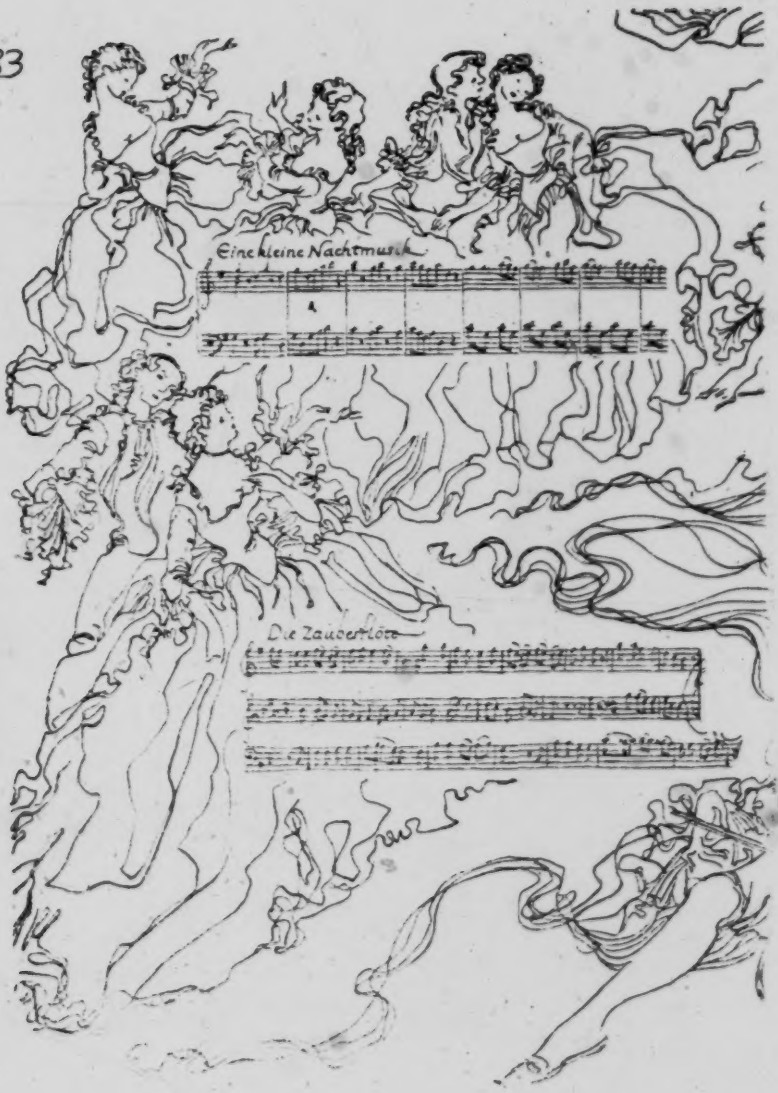


...urig in die neuen Zeiten · frei und gläubig sich uns schreiten ·
arbeitsfroh und hoffnungsreich · Einig laß in
Brüderchören · Vaterland dir Treue schwören · vielgeliebtes
Österreich · Vielgeliebtes Österreich ·

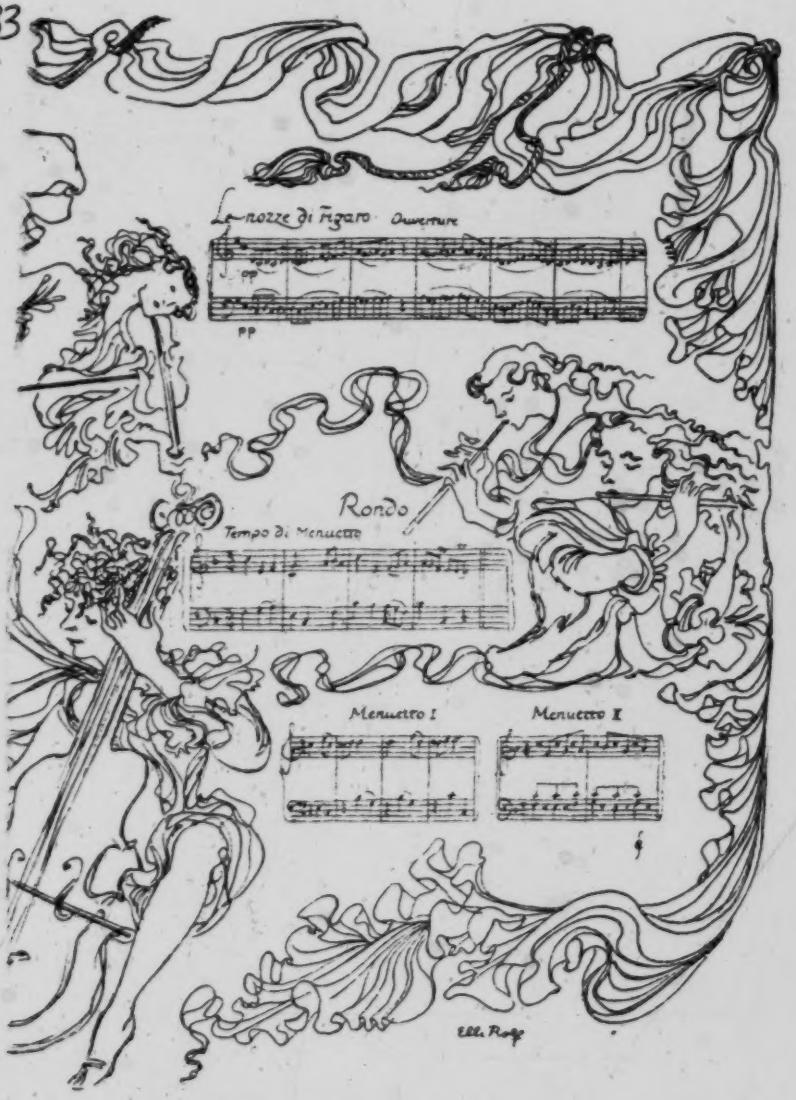


MELODIE VON W·A·MOZART
TEXT VON PAULA PRERADOVIĆ

533



533


Le nozze di Figaro Ouverture
pp
pp
Rondo
Tempo di Menuetto
Menuetto I
Menuetto II

346

The world which is revealed at St. Florian is vast and majestic in a different sense. Below the heights of the Ennstal the towers of this magnificent building of the venerable Augustine Prebendaries rise into the sky, a brilliant masterpiece of the Austrian Baroque.

Bad Ischl, Pump Room.

One cannot help being deeply impressed by the beauty of this complex of monastic buildings, especially if the approach is made from the highroad up the steep hill and one passes through the main archway on to the outer courtyard. The effect of the delicate lines of the façade is irresistible. In the middle stands the massive gateway, inviting one to pass through and on to the point where stairways appear on either side and, straight ahead, the spacious inner courtyard.

The names of Carlo Antonio Carlone and Jakob Prandtauer appear here once again. Illustrious visitors have stayed here through all the centuries—emperors, popes, artists and great masters, the last of these being Anton Bruckner. The Monastery is indebted to Albrecht Altdorfer for a number of valuable panel paintings which, in their passion of portrayal, in the splendour of their glowing colours, represent all that is best in the Danube School. 532 533

Bridging the centuries, the rainbow of art reaches Bruckner's symphonies in which the spirit of the baroque period and of rustic scenery are expressed by the blending of ardent themes with clear and simple melodies. Grand stairway, "Emperor's Room", Library, gay ceiling frescoes, the carving on the dark choir seats and jubilant, trumpeting angels—all are born of that spirit which pervades the Province of Upper Austria, rooted in the primitive strength of the soil and religious belief.

St. Florian Monastery.

quarter above the Wienerwald. Waidhofen-on-the-Ybbs, Lunz, Schaibbs and the stretch from Mariazell to St. Pölten are far-famed for their rustic beauty. Further to the north of the Styrian boundary lie Türnitz and Lilienfeld, Hainfeld and Gutenstein near the contrasting shapes of the Mittelgebirge.

Along the road to Greifenstein, on the Danube, through Neulengbach and Altenmarkt, descending to the Hohe Wand, Schneeberg and the Rax, runs the boundary of the "quarter below the Wienerwald". Encircling Vienna in a mighty arch from Klosterneuburg to Heiligenkreuz and Baden, it descends to the plains along a line of thermal springs. On one side of the Südbahn grows a heavy wine; on the other is a chain of industrial centres—Traiskirchen, Sollenau, Laaberndorf, Berndorf, Wiener Neustadt, Neunkirchen, Ternitz and Wimpassing. The factory chimneys do not end until the Semmering district is reached at Gloggnitz and Payerbach. The Pittental leads to the "Buckliges Welt" of Edlitz, Kirchschlag and Aspang, while to the east of Vienna the approaches to Hungary lie in the flat triangle formed by Schwechat, Ebenfurth and Bruck-on-the-Leitha.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

Restless flows the Danube through Lower Austrian territory, until it is reluctantly compelled to submit to control and regulation. At Struden-gau it still gives birth to leaping rapids and circling eddies, twists itself at Ybbs to a dangerous bend, narrows to the legend-haunted valley of the Wachau and constantly forces the current to move now towards this bank, now towards the other, until it at last subsides into a broad and placid stream below Tulln. With

Baden, where the healing waters flow close to the roadside, proved a great attraction for you. To drink them you only needed to go down a few steps. On all the bridges over the Schwechat, you could smell the sulphur from the springs which were discovered by the Romans. The modern medicinal baths were in their time the temple of a goddess. In the piping times of peace you found there many people who had come from far off countries. The rich glow of the tulip beds in the Kurpark is a sight which you should not miss. 529

Kornhäusel, an architect of late classicistic style, built for Baden a town hall with Greek temple columns and a flat roof adorned by stone statues. His work, specimens of which can be found throughout the town, is of modest but genuine beauty. You keep finding pillars and rows of columns, Doric and Ionic capitals and caryatids, which, although of unequal value, lend a distinctive air to the town through their variety of form and the attempt to reproduce the beauties of antiquity. 341

Mozart's "Ave verum" and Beethoven's "Missa solemnis" are particularly treasured by Baden. Grillparzer, Schubert and further southwards, Raimund have all enriched this countryside with the breath of their art. 533 536

At the foot of the forests are extensive vineyards. Light, stony soil and a favourable situation give the grape a choice quality which has been further improved by careful tending. Gumpoldskirchner wine was taken around the world on one occasion on a Zeppelin flight. It kept its high quality throughout. 245 274

Hainburg, Wienertor.

factories, brick kilns, lignite works. There are factories which turn out linen, hemp and jute, blankets and felt, pencils, artists' chalks, asbestos, jade, sugar and methylated spirit. There are canneries for fruit and vegetables, and workshops producing stucco supports from the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.

BURGENLAND—THE GARDEN OF VIENNA.

Fruit, vegetables, grapes, the first early cherries, fresh lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, strawberries, apricots, tender french beans—the first, long awaited harvest, doubly welcome after the winter, rolls in the spring towards the Vienna markets in a chain of high-piled lorries.

OGGAUER WINE.

In Oggau there is a Roman cemetery which dates back to the third or fourth century A. D., in the graves of which clay vessels have been found. Archaeologists say that these vessels contained the wine given to the dead to take with them on their journey to the other world. This calls for reflection. In those days every mortal expected that he would be served with nectar and ambrosia at the table of the gods. But the inhabitants of Oggau preferred to take with them their choicest wines rather than have to be dependent on the drinks of the gods.

Gustinus Ambron, the deaf sculptor, says of his Burgenland:

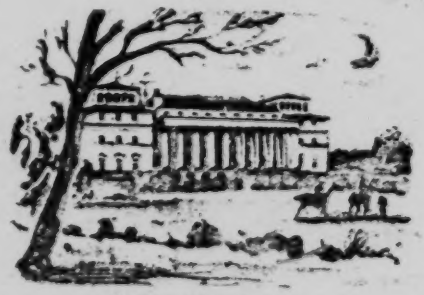
"How fortunate that I have travelled through the whole of Europe and have been able to drink in the splendour and magnificence of its many countries, with their thousand types of scenery, peculiarities and variations. Certainly it is nice to stay at home, but I felt the urge to get away and would have gone to the ends of the earth,

disappear. In former times it seems to have behaved even worse, for old documents mention it sometimes as a lake, once as a swamp, once as a river, then as a stream, while others appear not to have known of its existence. 133

The country lying between Eisenstadt and Ödenburg, Mattersburg and Rust, is the real heart of the Province. The lake parishes of Oggau and Mörbisch and the small "free town" of Rust are far-famed for their wine. On the gabled roofs and the chimney-pots stand pensive storks, in the vaulted cellars lie the massive wine barrels. As far back as the year 1364 the inhabitants received royal permission to mark them with the coat-of-arms of Rust—a trade-mark protected by law nearly 600 years ago! 361 [424]

Leaving the delights of Oggauer and Ruster wines, let us turn to Eisenstadt, the city of Josef Haydn. 361 633

One does not need to be especially sensitive to atmosphere to feel the genius of the great master in this little town which is so closely united with the surrounding countryside. The tiny house where he lived is still standing. How 342



Esterházy Castle, Eisenstadt.

over to exotic climes, in order to learn.

If I add up, I find I have spent nearly half my life so far in eight European countries. And yet of all the impressions, of all the wonderful scenery which I shall never forget, which was the most wonderful? I found it in my little home province of Burgenland, which hardly knows of the existence of the great world outside..."

Softly rolling slopes, hedges, distant hills are blended in a mystic harmony. A wonderful green, almost olive grey tint reflects in still majesty the glowing rays of the sun. The landscape is a series of undulating waves in which the farmers tend their fields. In the distance lie the white rows of village houses. In some of the fields the red poppy grows so thickly in spring that the deep red patches spread over the countryside as if God had underlined in this red ink, the poppies waving in the wind, that this is a happy countryside.

At Güttenbach, in the district of Güssing, a buried relic of the Celts was found—a hoard of silver coins which aroused the enthusiasm of numismatists until one day some cold-blooded investigator established that they were only copper coins with a thin silver-plating. Lest we should think too badly of this Celtic official counterfeiting, let us remember that at the same epoch, in distant Asia, the forging of banknotes had long been a flourishing industry.

BURGENLAND—STORK LAND.

If a girl is born, violets are put into the oven so that the child may not get freckles. The first actions of every newborn babe are of the utmost importance. If he stretches out his hand towards money, he will become a thief, if he tries to grasp a whip, he will make a good farmer.

small a space its walls enclose, and how far has the spirit of the human being who lived within them shone out across land and sea and across the changes of time. In Haydn's day the mail-coach still rumbled heavily over bumpy streets, but the simple Burgenländer Haydn, who made his first journey abroad only in old age, could say with quiet pride: "My language is understood everywhere!" 361 533

Haydn's home has been turned into a museum. Yellowed leaves with jottings from his hand are precious reminders of the creator of unfading beauty. Haydn is not alone in this tiny room. He shares it with Liszt, Burgenland's other great son, and with the daughter of his music copyist, the dancer Fanny Elssler—a glittering three-pointed star in the heavens of music.

Near by stands the palace of the Esterházys, strange, arrogant, yet impressive, built on the foundations of a mediaeval castle and renewed in baroque style by Italian architects at the end of the 17th century. The plain façade has inharmonious ornaments in the shape of terra cotta busts which are clumsy representations of former Esterházys and of Hungarian monarchs. But the garden front, in classic style with a view across a fine natural park on the slopes of the Leithagebirge, is impressive. From the terrace in front there is a no less wonderful view of the almost Tuscan landscape, framed by the Rosaliengebirge and the Ödenburger Mountains. 342

Although Eisenstadt is still so small a place, its new dignity as capital of the Province (since 1924) has meant a considerable increase in the number of modern 361

285
323
533

First let us visit the basket weavers

Basket-Weaver.

of the beautiful Rabnitz Valley and the potters of Stoob where the ancient craft of pottery is still carried on by hand. Then let us cross to Raiding. Here the small house is still standing where a great man in the world of music first saw the light of day—Franz Liszt. He was triumphant the world over, from Russia to France and England. Everywhere the smiles of lovely women welcomed him but more and more he was affected by that melancholy which is reflected in the verses of Lenau. The latter had connections with the Burgenland through his mother; his lyrics won as many friends for the land of the *Puszta* as did the Hungarian rhapsodies of Liszt.

131 Past Ritzing, where the surface belongs to the Burgenland but the coal below it to Hungary, because the tunnels of Brennberg, near Ödenburg, burrow below the frontier, our way leads us to Sieggraben. This is the home of the Semmelweis family, whose most famous son brought salvation from the scourge of puerperal fever to the child-bearing mothers of all times. From here the road climbs to the summit of the Rosaliengebirge, where a view opens towards the east across the Wulka Plain, taking in Ödenburg and the Neusiedler Lake and westwards, the Bucklige Welt, Wiener Neustadt and the Leitha.

346
212
162
361
103

Village Drummer.

On the Leitha also lies the battlefield of 1246. Friedrich the Quarrelsome, last of the Babenbergs, made the territory which had formerly belonged to the Mark of the Carolingians the subject of his first demands.

The Burgenland was long contested. Not for nothing do the many churches in its pleasant villages stand on commanding heights, surrounded by walls which give them the appearance of fortresses, and not for nothing were the many castles and fortified towers set up.

The days of the Turkish invasions brought poverty and desolation to the land, but at the same time a new population which was fleeing from the Turks and found a new home in the Burgenland—the Croats. From Kroboteck in the district of Jennersdorf through Stinatz, Punkitz, Podgoria and Kroatisch-Minihof there

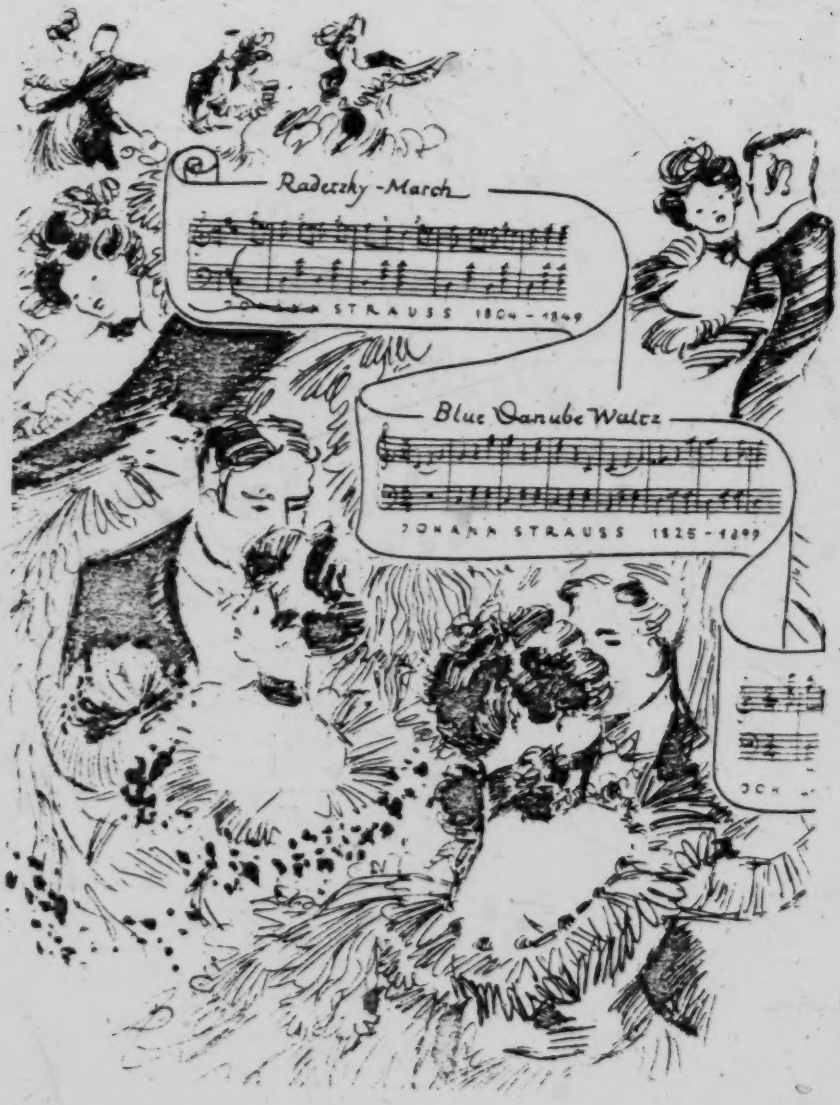
Without designing it, we are back at our starting-point. Kittsee has still to be mentioned, lying in the extreme north opposite Pressburg, where Josef Joachim, the famous violinist, was born, and Zurndorf, the native town of the Vienna Capucine preacher, writer of Hungarian history and Protestant bishop of Saratow in Russia, Ignaz Aurel Fessler. Nickelsdorf looks over the frontier towards the Nibelungen town of Wieselburg, where Josef Kainz (famous actor of the Vienna Burgtheater) first saw the light of day. 361 533 793 536

There are castles and churches where the art of the Burgenland is represented by the paintings of Dorfmeister, Maulpertsch, Altomonte-Hoherberg, Köpp von Felsenthal and Storno, an art which lives on today in the work of the famous modern sculptor Gustinus Ambrosi. 532

Let us glance again over the wide and sunlit countryside to Eisenstadt, where the festivals in the historic Haydn Hall have revived the music traditions of the Burgenland, to the villages where one hears the tamburizza orchestra, and the airs of old folk songs from which Haydn took the undying melody of his hymn. Once again let us glance at the people, the farm labourers at Friedrichshof or Edmundshof, the workers in the chalk and jute factories, the reed-cutters by the lake and the vine-dressers with their aprons stained green by copper sulphate, the farmers and the labourers, as far as the smallholders in the extreme south who industriously till their four *joch* of ground, keeping records of the weather as their fathers did before them. Don't be surprised if one of them appears round a bend in the forest path, nods approvingly at the fleecy evening clouds and pats you on the shoulder to say—"That's the weather we need here. But you—come back again soon to our Burgenland." 533 000

7: Marboe U-3 (no date) 1948 EK1 Austria EK1

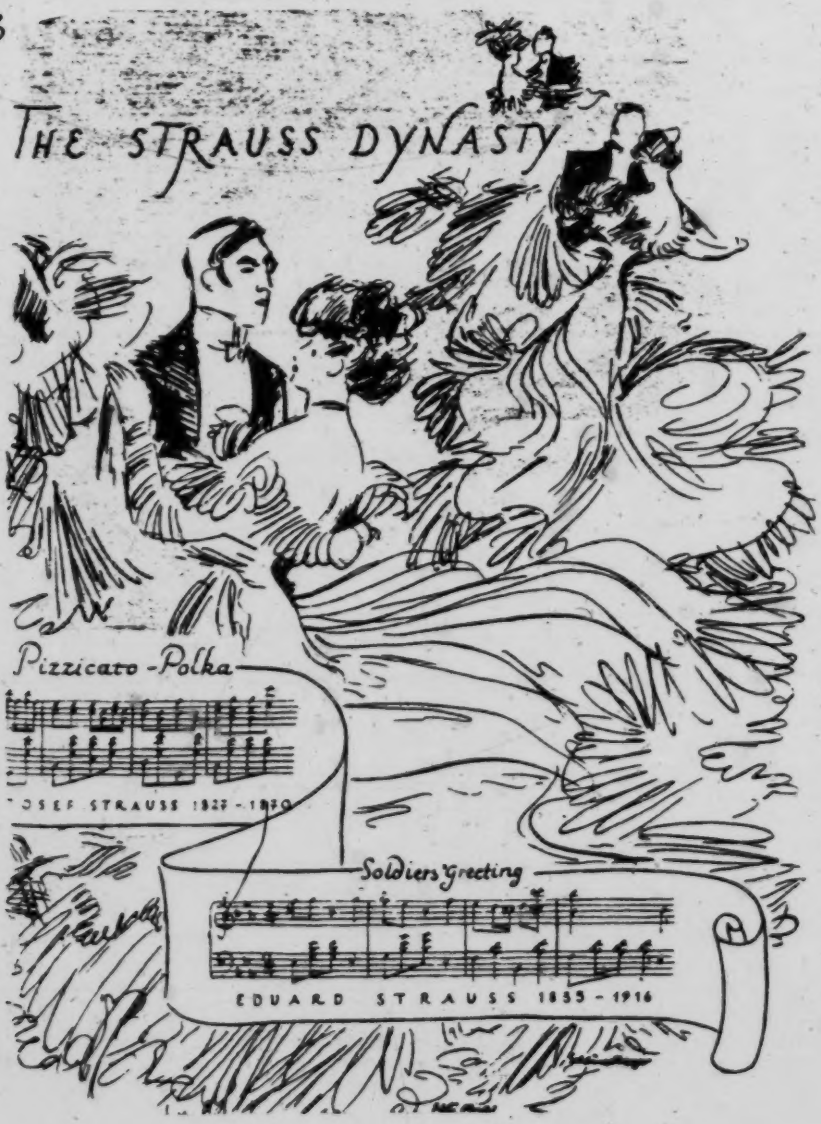
533



[-390-]

7: Marboe U-3 (no date) 1948 EK1 Austria EK1

533



000

Vienna, the Augarten Palace

THE WIENER SÄNGERKNABEN (THE VIENNA CHOIR BOYS).

533 When the Hofburg Orchestra and the "Löwenburgsche Kaiserliche Hofsänger knabenkonvikt" in the Piarist Monastery were disbanded after the Revolution of 1918 and most of the boys were sent home, the Rector of the Burg Choir, Josef Schnitt, saved from the collapse what it was possible to rescue and re-assemble. In an obstinate fight crowned with complete success, the untiring Rector transformed the former Hofsängerknabenkonvikt into the Institut der Wiener Sängerknaben.

What a far cry it is from that difficult start after 1919, when the new epoch was started without outside assistance, without money, with only 15 boys, in a few dingy rooms of the Old Hofburg, to the all-embracing triumphal journeys of the Wiener Sängerknaben round the world. It is at the same time a pattern for future Austrian cultural progress. Although subsidies have been discontinued and patronage by the wealthy has ended through the impoverishment of the country, the traditional values of art and civilisation in Austria have the necessary vitality in themselves and in the energy of the new generation to persist and even to expand.

The Sängerknabe who stands before the footlights in his sailor suit and bows in greeting with his arms formally crossed, fresh and unembarassed, has a long

533 line of ancestors! They date back to gothic Vienna when song occupied an important place in the ducal Burg Orchestra under Rudolf the Endower. The Emperor Maximilian I founded in 1498 the Boys' Choir in the Hofburg Orchestra. In 1580 the Hofkapelle had 93 members. The choirmasters who in subsequent times were no longer priests but professional lay musicians were enjoined by strict Court orders to "feed and care for the Choir Boys carefully". They were to be given good food, roast meat three times a week, plentiful fruit and decent clothing.

Many great musicians are intimately connected with the history of the Wiener Sängerknaben. Gluck accompanied the choirs of the Hofkapelle. Mozart was more or less the official composer of the Sängerknaben when he was only 12 years old. His charming early composition "Bastien and Bastienne" is, like Haydn's "Apotheker", still one of the best numbers in the repertoire. Bruckner, who grew up as choir boy in St. Florian, was appointed Hofkapelle Organist in Vienna in 1867. Schubert spent five years as a choir boy in the Vienna Institute.

Now year by year posters in all the great cities of the world herald the concerts of the Wiener Sängerknaben. The programme is taken from olden and modern times, the boys beginning the evening with religious A-cappella music dating from the 16th century onwards. Then there are difficult four, six and eight-voiced movements by Palestrina, Lasso and Gallus, solemn and inspiring compositions in which the choral severity of the juvenile voices have a moving effect.

Choral plays in historic costume follow, music by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert. Fresh and natural Viennese boys are transformed into powdered and dainty ladies and gentlemen of rococo times, pirouetting with graceful charm and presenting their quartettes, arias, quarrel- and love-scenes with such ringing and silvery voices that one has the illusion of listening to an old-fashioned musical box.

The third part of the programme is made up of many-voiced folk-songs. Then come the national anthem of the country visited and at the end—Vienna waltzes.

Of the three choirs which the Institute now has at its disposal, one is always on tour, while the other two take duty on alternate Sundays in the Burgkapelle where the solemn Mass is sung. The Wiener Sängerknaben take part in the Staatsoper productions, in films, and appear on festive occasions. Work at self-perfection and progress is their slogan. Through their tireless energy they have created for themselves a home of their own, and have revived an ancient name, to cover it with honour. These boys of between seven and fifteen years of age are the melodious youth of Austria. This institution of the Vienna Choir Boys in its present shape is a striking example of how outward forms can change to correspond with the march of time, while the essential is preserved unaltered. The structure of the institution resembles that of a college. The boys are received into it, regardless of their social background, at the age of six or seven. The sole

533 criterion is that of their talent and inclination for singing. When they have completed their preliminary training—that is to say at the age of about ten years—the young choristers receive what amounts almost to individual further training in accordance with their own wishes. It is the great endeavour of the institution to secure for the choristers when the time comes for them, to leave an extensive and uniform education. As a result, the boys cherish the memory of their chorister days. Many of them come back later as conductors or teachers, or, as part of the audience, re-live their early days as singers.

Friesland farmer. The Emperor Leopold served him wine in a costly crystal chalice, begging him to accept the latter as a gift.

In the year 1678, when Prince Johann Georg of Anhalt-Dessau appeared at such a Wirtschaft at the Vienna Imperial Court in the guise of a Dutch sailor, Emperor Leopold toasted him with the words: "Since I believe that nobody knows more about the wind than a Dutch sailor, I drink his health with the wish that the wind may be favourable to the Roman Empire, to my House and to yourself, in accordance with whatever you may desire."

All royal personages, male and female enjoyed taking part in these Wirtschaften. A lot of thought went to devising the menu, and amusing ideas were often introduced into it.

265 The oldest eating house of Vienna is supposed to be the Griechenbeisl on the Fleischmarkt, dating back to the year 1500. If one drank more than two glasses of beer one had to keep the reckoning by laying the appropriate number of matches on the table; some had quite a little pile to show before the evening was over. Even [533] the "liebe Augustin", the forerunner of the public singer who was himself born at Vienna in 1643 as the son of a tavern keeper, played the bagpipes there and sang there his famous tragi-comic song:

"O, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin ..."

It is a far cry from him to the "Schrammelmusik" and beyond to Girardi and his immortal carriage song. The Matschakerhof, which is also mentioned in the 15th century, is about as old as the Griechenbeisl.

During the Vienna Congress the attachés of the various Powers met regularly for lunch at the hotel "Kaiserin von Österreich", which soon received the name of "Diplomatenbörse" (Diplomat's Exchange). The table reserved for them in this hotel was called the "Chronicle of Vienna". Here confidential cabinet questions were discussed during informal conversations and events of the day talked over of which the Press only learned very much later.

"Die drei Hacken", later called the "Römische Kaiser", was adjudged Vienna's most exclusive tavern in Congress times. Unfortunately it no longer exists. On its site stands the building of an insurance company in the Renngasse.

The Hotel Sacher was frequented by members of the Austrian court and aristocracy. In its garden, the old Austrian uniforms struck the dominating note. The hotel's exquisite cuisine was renowned; the owner, Frau Anna Sacher, was a well-known figure in Vienna. Like Danish women, she smoked cigars, not little cigarillos but big, fat cigars. She had the gift of making all her guests feel at home and well understood how to flatter the peculiarities of each one, to satisfy every wish and to remember a guest's favourite dishes. Sachers, because of its distinguished clientèle, became the first hotel in Vienna, and was often the scene of meetings which decided the fate of Europe. The diplomats of the whole world were numbered

7: Marboe U-3 (no date) 1948 EK1 Austria EK1

533

HE WHO WAS NEVER IN HIS CUPS

He who was never
in his cups is truth
a sorry swain forsooth
every sorry swain And he
who only 'achtein' cups were wiser
to abstain indeed were wiser to
abstain Then everything spins
'um und um' in this our
capitolium in this
our capitolium.

WENZEL
MÜLLER
1793

[-522-]